

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS · VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS

Vol. LVI.

February 24, 1923.

No. 17

COLLEGE ROOMS.

BY ONE WHO HAS ONE.

QUITE a few are only too ready to transform the statement,—“You can tell what kind of a man a fellow is by the way he keeps his room,”—into an ancient truism. I do not wish to be unwise in saying that this aphorism is utterly false. But in self-defense, I refuse to accept it as bit of philosophy. If I did not protest against being judged by my room, I might lead people to believe that I was a thief, a preyer upon widows and orphans, and the owner of even a more seriously criminal character.

First, let us take a glance around my room. My desk is the nearest object. I have no efficient, soulless bookcase. In fact, there is not even a book-rack in the room. But if the desired book is not among the stack on the desk, I am practically certain to lay my hand on it by stretching over to the window-sill. Here and there through the litter of letters, cigarette packages, burnt matches and ashes, there is obtained a glimpse of the familiar green blotter. That blotter is the only indication of any popular business method on the whole desk. I just put it there to keep the ink from staining the desk. The window-sills are repositories of stray note-books, sheet music, two pipes, a crumpled newspaper and a very good hat. The floor is even worse. The rugs, that were once so clean and new, are now wrinkled and seem to be resigned to that peculiar dirt, often termed—“collegiate filth.” And the bed!!! What can be expected of a bed that is regarded as the most desirable chair in the room? The ceiling is the cleanest part of the

room. And even there, some former occupant has traced, in the dust, what was most likely an important day in the history of this room. Many times have I wondered what took place here on March 17, 1918.

It may sound unbelievable, but I have visitors who come back again. Although the desk may be covered with trash, a vacant chair can usually be found by those who seemingly defy the warning-posts placed by Providence. Although my books are not stacked orderly in cases, there is always a pile of the latest phonograph records to entertain my friends. And though the room may not be bright or have that cheerful, clean, tidy air that is said to make life more bearable, I am never compelled to go downtown to escape looking at the same four walls and the dignified take-care appearance of an immaculate floor. In short, I have made my room my home.

Please don't mistake me. I have no intention whatever of trying to give you the impression that my mother is as bad a house-keeper as I manage to be; I wish only to explain that both of us are good house-keepers in the sense that we succeed equally in making our establishments express our personalities. (We insist that we have personalities). If I arranged the pencils in an orderly row, kept my correspondence on file and always hung up my hat, the world might rightly accuse me of being fit to graduate either as a grandmother or a file-clerk. After all, my veneration for both these figures does not include any longing for imitation of them. I have come to college to sit down and grow; I had rather be a shaggy pine-tree than a tooth-pick. And my dear old nightmare of a room is only a mirror of my desires.

TOYS FOR GROWNUPS.

FRANK WALLACE.

When I was a boy I enjoyed the youthful grace of ignorance. I abstracted only the pleasing things from the complexities of life—consequently, life was not complex. I perceived the beautiful because it is natural for the pure mind, uncontaminated by experience, to love the beautiful. The mind of a healthy boy is a gypsy mind—a happy vagabond which seeks its pasture and gambols there with playmates created in the imagination—congenial chums born of a budding intellect.

Today my imagination still plays, but with the toys of a man. The clay of childish fancy which could be molded at will has been replaced by china dolls which refuse to bend from the form which experience and realism have given them. A man takes his dolls as he finds them; if the expressions they have fail to suit, it is best to ignore the disappointment. Tampering may break the dolls and what benefit ensues? The toymakers of today only make a certain number of designs because they find, or claim to have discovered, that people like that sort of doll. Take it or leave it, as you prefer. Usually the man takes it because he is not a toymaker and because he assumes that the professional manufacturer knows his business.

Children's toys typify to them the realities of their adult life. In her doll the little girl sees a mother; in his soldier the boy visions a hero. In their fairy stories they learn of the thing called love; of the great adventure of life which they will enjoy when they grow up. The books of a child, the religion of a child, the plays and the games of a child all illustrate the virtues of life. The hero is admired and the villain hated. Parents see to that. They want their children to be good men and good women.

Then come experience and education coincident with growth. The child puts aside the toys of youth and takes the playthings of the grown-up. He accepts the standards of the adult, gradually, unconsciously. He finds them with his years just as the young find new playthings under the tree every Christmas morning. He fashions his life to the

necessities of these new ideas. For the toys of the man are the abstractions which were typified by the concrete images under the tree. And the toymakers for men are the playwrights, the novelists, the philosophers, the creators of music; their workmen are the actors, the publishers, the lecturers, the musicians.

And the toys of men have been cleverly fashioned to follow the demands which the fatal experience of passing from childhood to manhood has required. The product of contemporaneous civilization looks under his tree and exclaims:

"Just what I wanted."

But suppose a psychological phenomenon which would permit a man to reach physical manhood with the ideals and the gypsy mind of a boy. Take this specimen to the tree on Christmas morning. Show him his gifts of literature and music and religion and philosophy and dramatics. Would he be satisfied? Or would he say:

"Is this literature—this thing which glorifies the people whom my mother taught me to avoid—this thing which moves me to doubt the existence of good women—even to look upon them as foolish?"

"Is this music? This animal strain which excites the passions and deadens my spiritual being?"

"Is this religion? This easy formula which allows my selfishness to interpret my duties to the God who created me?"

"Is this the stage? This mockery which defeats its own end by brazenly casting Judas as Christ?"

"Is this philosophy? This thing which denies me the soul that I have been taught to save? Which justifies my animal nature by assuring me that I am only an animal?"

"Is this the holy love which I have sheltered from even my own thoughts? This thing which makes me ashamed to meet my mother—to even think of my own sister?"

"And where is purity—the sweetest little flower in my garden—the gift my sweetheart has kept for me? Is honor only a tool?"

Such a boy would say those things because childish minds naturally seek and speak the

truth just as they love the beautiful. I think that many boys have come through the furnace with enough ideals to ask those things today. I believe that the greater part of the American people are sickening of the pagan dolls which arbitrary toymakers have thrust upon them. I believe that the opportunity will soon come for the independent concern of toymakers to sell its wares—for the Catholic spirit to speak.

The stage play which trots on legs begins to waver; the story which rests on a triangle is beginning to shake; jazz music and jazz dancing show signs of surrendering. Extreme styles have already changed. Philosophy has abandoned evolution from a soulless animal as a theory of the genesis of man; religion will find its way back to the beautiful faith which it left when some representatives of that faith had grown unfaithful.

Not in a generation will these things happen; but they are movements toward the true and the beautiful and are consequently, sane and natural movements. They will follow only when the imagination of man is furnished with something of the clay with which childhood plays—the flexible, moral clay from which beautiful things may be formed.

Men like Chesterton will lead the way because these men know the path. They know the need and they can describe the moral dilemma of modern humanity so clearly that individuals will see their own way out. They will have the courage of their own convictions; they will have more of pride for their faith and none of the apology which Catholic bred writers unconsciously assume.

But they can be aided by the most humble of us who, in our better moments praise God for our faith and who in our darkest and weakest periods never question its essential truth. To the Catholic man who can write there is the constant duty and an immediate opportunity which has never been more favorable. To the man who can deliver public lectures comes the same chance.

The world is sad to-day—sad with failure to find happiness in materialism. Weary of continued warnings about the traitorous Catholic, aware of a certain moral solidity and serene happiness which Catholics find in

their faith and uncertain as to its next move, the American world is on the verge of giving us a chance to talk to it. If we can raise up the men to tell that world something of the practical and psychological value of confession, something of the transcendental joy of Holy Communion, something of the contentment which follows clean living—if we can prove these things to the world through the medium of literature, the world will be glad to listen.

SEASONAL SERMONS. I. THE MEANING OF LENT.

C. J. W.

The season of Lent is the holiest season of the ecclesiastical year. Each of the Church's seasons is marked by a great event in the life of Our Blessed Saviour. Since the Passion was the primary reason for Christ's coming upon the earth and the greatest event in His life, then Lent, which is a commemoration of the Passion, is properly the holiest season of the year.

From Apostolic times the Church has imposed penance-doing on her faithful during Lent, for at least three reasons. The first is derived from considering that the Passion was painful for Christ and that He suffered to free us from the domination of the spirits of darkness. When we consider how bitter and painful the Passion was to Christ, how the Son of the Almighty God became actually sick with sorrow and was covered with a bloody sweat by merely meditating upon His sufferings; how He suffered upon the Cross for three hours, forsaken by the Father; when we think of all this, we ought to be driven to do something for Him, who did something for us. Christ is our leader, His banner is the Cross; if we pretend to follow Him, then at least during Lent we cannot choose another standard, but that of the Cross.

The second reason for doing penance is that "we are sinners by nature; we are children of wrath, conceived in sin, and shapen in iniquity; we live under the bondage of an inborn element of evil, which tends to stifle all the good in us" (Newman). We are made up of a body and a soul; the body with its

passions, its appetites and desires is constantly drawing the soul away from God and toward sin; the soul, though it tends upward to God, yet it always wills the sin. Our penance ought then to be of a two-fold character: it ought to consist in the contrition of the soul and in the mortification of the body. By such a two-fold penance the soul is humbled before God and by being humbled it is strengthened. By such a penance the desires and appetites of the body are put in their proper place—in complete subjection and domination of the soul.

The third reason for the penance-doing in Lent is the preparation for Easter. The old saying, that Easter will mean something to us only in proportion as we spend Lent properly, is very true. For, just as Christ had to suffer and to die and by His death bring sadness to His mother and to all the Apostles, in order to be able to console them by the glorious Resurrection, so we too must suffer and die to ourselves and to the world in penance, if we wish to become purified and prepared to participate in the spiritual joys of Easter-tide. Moreover, it is significant that Our Resurrected Lord appeared first to His mother, then to Mary Magdalen and to St. John, because these persons were faithful to Him during His Passion and Death. Accordingly we can expect grace at Easter time only in proportion as we have tried during Lent to feel His sufferings in us. The Psalmist says that "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy"; and Our Lord Himself said, "they that mourn shall be comforted."

There are three forms of penance that are recommended for Lent, and all these are spiritual as well as bodily penances. The first is prayer. It is the spirit of the Church that all those who do not observe the rigor of the fast should say some extra prayers. What is incumbent upon us strictly is not so much to multiply indefinitely the number of prayers that are to be said daily, but rather to do our utmost in performing well our regular prayers and the actions of the day. Generally speaking, the time of Lent is like a big retreat, a revival of the spiritual power in us, a renewal of our fervor; it is a time for breaking off our small petty

indulgences, our weaknesses, and for trying to nurture habits of virtue. At this time we ought to pray well, to pray with the vision of the prostrate Saviour in the groves of Gethsemane before our eyes. St. Theresa said that she did not fear for a soul who prays. Accordingly let our prayers and actions of the day be performed in the best possible manner during Lent.

The second form of penance is the cultivation of a spirit of self-denial. If the Church is founded upon anything, the spirit of self-denial is surely in that foundation. From her Leader down through the columns of her saints, her blessed, her popes, and her faithful, every Catholic is imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice. From his infancy the Catholic leads a life of continual self-denial. The laws of God, those of the Church, the duties of our state, and the cultivation of virtues are merely the outward expression of self-sacrifice. But Catholics are sometimes prone to forget the little actions of the day, prone to forget to help their neighbor by a kind action, a word or a smile, which cost the giver so little and mean so much to the receiver. Indeed, since Christianity is founded upon the spirit of self-denial, then the more the members of the Church possess this virtue, the more Christian the Church will be. And in another way self-denial means nothing more than the blotting out of self, working not so much for oneself as for the community at large and for one's neighbor. We have no better example of self-denial than the Passion of Christ, who having glory set before Him for all eternity in His Father's house, freely and gladly chose the ignominy of the Cross for our sakes. Just as we profited by the self-denial and self-annihilation of Christ so too we will profit by the actions of self-sacrifice of our neighbor. Let us then cultivate this virtue and we may be assured that we will be amazed by its wonderful effects.

The third form of penance is the cultivation of a spirit of recollection of Christ's Passion, a sort of spiritual consciousness of the sufferings of Christ. Recollection seems to be particularly appropriate to the season of Lent, and the Church takes many means to keep the Passion constantly before the

eyes of the faithful. What is more conducive to a realization of the meaning of Christ's suffering and death; what is more conducive to building up in our souls a deep feeling of sorrow for our sins, which caused His death, than to be conscious of the Passion? Such a spirit of recollection will bring us closer to the suffering Jesus, will make us understand His torments better and consequently will help us to spend Lent properly.

Whether we follow strictly what is here outlined is of little consequence. The important thing is that the matter of doing penance during Lent is a duty, and ethically speaking no one may ever shirk his duties. So that let each one see to it that he perseveres in his good resolutions until Easter. If we make no special effort during Lent, then surely the voice of our disappointed Leader shall cry in our souls: "I looked for one that would grieve together with me, but there was none; and for one that would comfort me and I found none" (Ps. 68-21). But on the other hand, if we correspond faithfully to the Lenten graces, if we persevere in our penance-doing, however small it may be, God will take us, as He took Moses and Elias after their forty-day fast, up to the Mount of God; and there He will fill our souls with the peace and joy of Easter-tide.



Dull whiteness and above, the gold

That crowns the radiance of our youth;

Thus time, with manifold failures cold

One light eternal keeps—the truth.

"DALY DISCOVERS UTOPIA."

J. L. SHOWEL.

A sophisticated sophomore, sprawled in an easy chair, stared blankly out of the window. For a moment he was motionless, and then by a convulsive effort he yawned, stretched his weary body, and once more sank back into his chair and into lethargy. Evidently he was bored. Finally the man's brain began to function; and in a short time he was actually thinking. How dull and uninteresting is life, thought he; how absolutely stupid and monotonous is everything. But what was there to do?

A few weeks ago this man had busied himself with thoughts of Utopia, a perfect world, where great intellects (such as this sophomore possessed), were constantly busied with controversial discussions on education and democracy; where men, superbly brilliant men, would listen to him, agree with him, and pat him on the back (if such a thing is done in Utopia), because of his brilliancy and power of intellect. What an ideal place for such a super-cerebrated sophomore as he.

But, alas, this gentleman could not go to Utopia; he knew not the way. And again, alas, he could not convert the earthlings to Utopian customs and beliefs. How stupid these earthlings! they did not wish for flowing robes, or great open hearths, or long-stemmed pipes, and rare old wines they could not have. The sophomore yawned again, and sighed and was very miserable.

To supplement all this misery came the janitor into the room with his brooms and pans. He threw the bed together, swept a few scraps under a desk and then sat down on the bed to rest. The gentleman of sophomore standing looked his displeasure, but said nothing. The gentleman of the brooms, in his broken English, made a few stupid remarks concerning the weather, the number of beds he had to make, and then went to his work. "Damned Wop," growled the sophomore, and sank back in his chair.

Finally the monotony became unbearable, and as a last resort the young man decided to take a walk. He left the hall and walked

for some time, having no particular destination in view. He thought much and said nothing, even to some classmates who passed by. The sophomore awakened from his reverie in front of the library steps. Hope sprang into his heart, for here were prospects for some little diversion. He entered the building and made his way to the files, to an open drawer and mechanically searched through the cards. Name after name he passed until he came to one, Daly, T. A. This gentleman had heard something of Daly as a poet, but had never troubled himself with Daly's poems, and so reading Tom Daly was at least a novelty.

Slowly the sophomore sophist opened the little books to the first poem, and read:

"'For goodness' sak'!' she say to me—"

The Utopian reason of the sophomore demanded that he close the book, and to exclude such "trash" forever from his mind. But the temptation was too strong, and he read on:

"But you; you guys dat know me—Wal!
I hope dat you weell not meestak'
What I am thinkin' w'en I yal:
'For goodness' sak' '."

The young sophist was smiling a smile that extended from ear to ear. Instantly the smile turned to an expression of utter contempt. Again the struggle between Utopian wisdom and mortal pleasure ensued, and the Utopian gave way, and the man read on:

"Joe Gessapalena can't write hees own name,
But he can write othra theengs, justa da same;
An' mebbe you, too,
Bayfore he ees through,
Weell read w'at he's wrote an' be glad that he came."

How could there be poetry in a day laborer? thought the sophomore. Possibly there might be the poetry of pity, but never the poetry of praise. Yet here it was, plain, unmistakable, undeniable. The sophist recalled the incident of the janitor; perhaps he had misinterpreted the man. Perhaps there could be something of mystery, something of romance connected with even such a man as a janitor. It might be that back on the hills

of Lombardy or the canals of Venice there lurked a story, a history, a romance of just such a man. He had never considered man, in the light of mystery, before.

Deeper and deeper into the little volume the young man plunged. And at each verse he discovered some new bit of truth, some strange piece of beauty, some novel patch of interest. The sophomore sophist travelled on with Tom Daly, into the dusty, grimy streets of the city. But he did not see the dirt and grime, but only the mystery and romance of the people who lived within the city's tenements and mansion. He listened to the poetry of the huckster-cart, of the fruit stand, of the bootblack. He laughed with "Giuseppe the Barber" and wept in his heart with the "Bereaved Mother." And on, and on, he read, with increased joy and delight at the turning of each page.

But what of Utopia? A man cannot give up cherished thoughts in an instant; and Utopian philosophy was not wrong in itself. But Tom Daly did not clash with Utopia and the Utopian. On the contrary, he brought Utopia to earth. He brought it not in flowing robes or overflowing reasoning; he brought it as every-day men, and every-day life.

At last the truth dawned upon the sophomore. Utopia, yes, ideal Utopia, he should have, he could have. An artist had waved the magic wand of mystery over the earth and the ugly had become beautiful. Tom Daly had utopianized the world.

The sophomore left the library a changed man. No longer was he bored; no longer was life dull and uninteresting. Slowly he walked down the path, thinking of what had happened in a few hours. The young man came upon his classmates one by one. They were the same men whom he had scorned a day before. They were the same men whose physical appearance he had disliked, whose mental powers he had despised. But now this malice was gone and his friends were quite Utopian. He had made them Utopian despite themselves, despite himself.

The sophomore returned to his room, sat in the easy chair and lit his pipe, blowing huge clouds of smoke in the air. He was contented and happy. He had discovered Utopia and Tom Daly.

"EUGENE FIELD, A POET-KING."

J. W. SCALLAN.

Numbering within its fold every simple fireside in the land, there exists an invisible kingdom of hearts, composed of those whose childlike appreciation of the simple beauties of the world is keen and unspoiled. In the census books of this great kingdom, are found not only the names of children, but also the names of those who have never lost the sincerity of their childhood, and who have never failed to delight in the beauty of simple things. Reigning over this fealty we find a poet-king, supreme in the hearts of the realm. Marked by neither scepter nor crown, he rules his vast domain by the kindly force of his pen. His subjects need neither laws nor police; the kindly and ennobling influence of his writings makes both unnecessary. With ear attuned to the throbs of his subject hearts, with senses trained to appreciate the glories of the commonplace, Eugene Field, the poet-king, rules this invisible multitude of the simple-hearted:

"I have no empire, yet my sway
Extends a myriad leagues away."

This sovereign exacts no tribute of gold or silver from his subjects. No humble vassal, kneel before him. Yet at his word, eyes become moist and lips bubble forth with laughter. Truly, love and gratitude are tributes worthy even of this poet-king. He rules his subjects by the sheer force of his power over hearts. He speaks in language that they can understand; he speaks of things with which they are familiar; he sways them to noble thought; he amuses, he sympathizes, he comforts. With the skill of a master, he strikes the responsive chords in their hearts. Sometimes it pleases him to bring mirth and laughter to them. Often he brings tears, always he brings sympathy. Dispensing kindness and mirth, softening sorrow, awakening memories, laying wide the tabernacle of noble thought, Field reigns a king indeed.

Other empires, complex and unstable, crumble and pass away, but his empire of simple hearts will last as long as the world exists. Other sovereigns reign for a time and then are forgotten, but the cry, "The king

is dead! Long live the king!" is never heard in the kingdom of hearts. The likes and dislikes, the sorrows and joys, the trials and victories of the simple, remain ever the same. When a poet, with the glory of his music, has awakened responsive notes in the hearts of his hearers, he is a poet-king forever. Death may remove his body from this world, but his work, his power, his music, will remain forever, and his glory will not fall before the onslaughts of time.

"Not even envious Death can wring
His glory from so great a king."

And you who would be a king, remember that within your pen there lies a scepter with which "to hold and sway the hearts of men." Seek not great exalted themes and miss the glories of the simple. Strive not to attain the snow-white heights, and neglect the verdure of the lowly plain. If you would have a kingdom of hearts, speak to men of the beauties of simple things, and singing the glories of the commonplace, reign with Eugene Field a poet-king immortal.

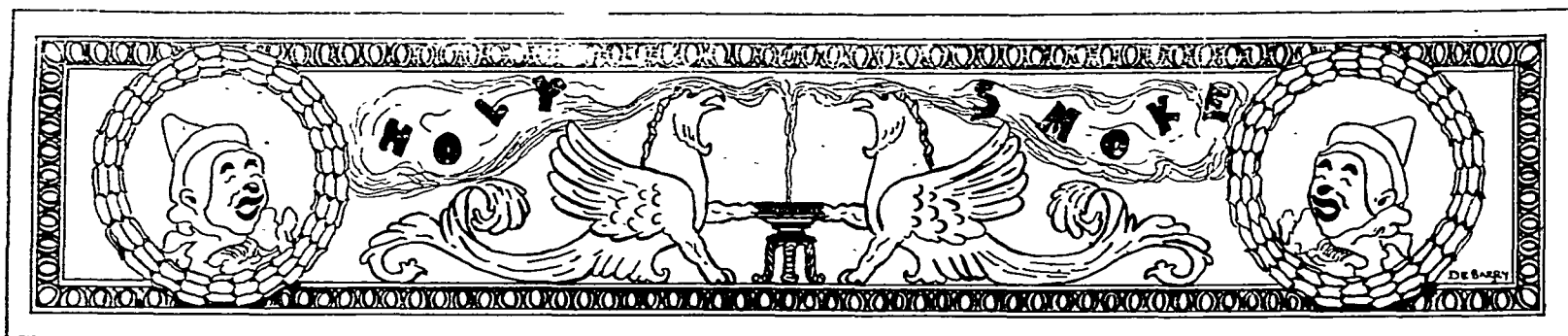
"Come, brother, be a king with me,
And rule mankind eternally;
Lift up the weak, and cheer the strong,
Defend the truth, combat the wrong!-
So, brother, sing your songs, oh, sing!
And be with me a king, a king!"



DESOLATION.

A storm stalks the deep
In the thick dark,
And Christ is asleep
In the barque!

C. S. CROSS.



The S. O. S. that Holy Smoke broadcasted last week was answered in a most praiseworthy manner—like the Minute Men answered at Concord. But we must explain that S. O. S. means Send Out Satire, and this doesn't apply to Some Other Sap.

Anyhow, after looking over all the contributions the editor has decided to use both of them in the next issue, and moreover we are going to give the contributors a huge banquet when we find him. But be that as it may, "Never put off until to-morrow what you can wear to-day," so, as the giraffe said to the elephant, "Let's grow."

Though this is Contribution Week

And you've expected some real stuff,
We haven't heard a single squeek
From any Isaac, Abe or Zeke.
They're all too busy playing sheik
To hand in dope, and call our bluff.

'Tis true that some misguided bean—

(He thinks that flees are heretics)
Got goofy in his thought canteen,
And thought 'twould be the back-door's screen
If we could get a fog machine,
And stage "The Vapor Scene," from "Vics."

Another wanted us to take

And run this little dialogue;
She (crying): "John, I made a cake,
And Fido ate it up—the snake."
He: "Dear, I know that death must ache
Your heart. I'll buy another dog."

And still another said, "This ain't

So good that it's the donkey's bray,
But still I think we should acquaint
The school with facts. In red ink paint
This sign,—'There was (please don't faint)
No class in Logic yesterday'."

Or this,—A freshman stood before

The spirit of a mortal who
Had been a poet in days of yore.
The Spirit: "When on earthly shore
I wrote verse and verse galore;
Wrote "To a Water Fowl" and more—."
Fresh: "Did the fowl answer you?"

This verse we're writing now is tough;
And from the way things look to me
It seems as though we're in the rough;
It's surely hard to scrape up stuff,
But all we want is just enough
To fill it out. THERE, didn't we?

There is a riddle we might print.

How does it go? Now, let me see—
Oh, here it is: Who'd ditch a squint
Of Helen of Troy; who wouldn't sprint
To own a cellar or the mint?
The answer is, "Not me."

Now this ain't bad,—An Esquimo,

Who lived 'neath Great Aurora's flame
Was asked, "How come, John Esqueemo,
You get no mail, you Esquamaux?" (Note; plural)
And then John hung his head quite low,
And said, "No one can spell our name."

Or here's a gag that's not old—quite

(I hope that this one will connect),—
Pat: "When George Green, the other night,
Tried to kiss a girl for spite,
Wha'd she say?" Said Mike, "I'll bite."
Then Pat replied, "Correct."

"The hunchback and the kitchen maid,"

Was one of those we meant to tell,
But we must buckle down and wade
Into that Last Line; must persuade
Our typewriter the rimes to raid.
I'll say this Last Line sure is—Swhell.

KOLARS.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Board of Editors

Business

A. L. FIPP
J. A. BENNING

LEO R. WARD, C. S. C.
VINCENT ENGELS
FRANK WALLACE
HARRY A. MCGUIRE
LOUIS V. BRUGGNER
M. F. SULLIVAN
F. SUMMERVILLE, C. S. C.

R. M. MURCH, C. S. C.
GERALD HAGAN
CHARLES MOLZ
FRANCIS T. KOLARS
J. S. BRENNAN
RAY CUNNINGHAM
CLIFFORD B. WARD

Art

H. W. FLANNERY
C. O. DEBARRY

Advertising

JAMES V. EGAN
JAMES HAYES

VOL.
LVI.

*Disce Quasi Semper Victorius
Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus*

No.
17

The American people have as much veneration for Washington as for any of the nation's great statesmen. To many, the first president is, however, a mythical figure whose name suggests a cherry tree hacked in two and shivering snow at Valley Forge. They have a picture from their histories of a benign, white-wigged man and a three-cornered hat. They know that Washington said, "I cannot tell a lie," and they surmise from recent discussion that he was the author of a dictum against "entangling alliances." They cannot lose their hallowed respect for a great shadow which lies across the history books, even though the limit of their reverence is to wear a diminutive sprig of cherries on his birthday.

The commemoration of Washington's birthday is here at Notre Dame an annual event. The senior exercises are a regular part of the school year program. It may not be incorrect to believe, then, that the day has a significance beyond that of passing importance. We think it has. That significance is for the seniors, who wear their caps and gowns for the first time, to realize. Washington won his honors, almost all of which came unsought, because he was honest to himself and devoted first and last to principles of truth and reason. His honesty toward himself transcended his honesty

toward others. The devotion he had for righteousness and honor surpassed the interest he had in his own personal welfare. Men who are about to enter careers in business and professional life should understand the meaning of these traits as they are applicable today. That is why we say the seniors should appreciate the significance of the Washington day exercises. The man of the twentieth century easily forgets honesty toward himself because he does not want to be honest with others. Selfishness and provincialism cause him to shrink, as Washington never shrank, from duties uncircumscribed by personal interests. Men need personal honesty more than their forefathers ever needed it. They need also forgetfulness of self when great duties are to be met. Such thoughts as these are hardly all that can be drawn from Washington's birthday. Still, they are important thoughts for college men who will be expected later to live courageous lives.

MOLZ.

East is East, et cetera, as we all know by heart. But are they? Thereby this tale is evolved. Mr. Burges Johnson, a whimsical essayist and vagrant professor, whose chief delight seems to be going out among college children who are wondering about journalism and telling them to be good and careful, presents evi-

dence about the "Elusive West" in the February *Century* which all of us can enjoy looking into. The Westerner is sensitive to the respect paid the honor of his haunts. He is right in being sensitive, we believe. But here is Mr. Johnson informing us that the real West is and is not the Kansas-Nebraska country, and revealing a wealth of provincialism in the structure of the national life which it is a joy to behold. "One doesn't need to believe everything that a cowboy tells. All one asks is that the cowboy shall continue telling," our author informs us. Which is possibly the attitude we shall take towards Mr. Burges Johnson.

There are always new scandal morsels with which to feed a gluttonous public. With sufficient ability a man may become either a successful crook or a successful business man. Backed by **SELLING** able men a newspaper may become either a successful vice vendor or a successful public servant. The newspaper that features vice and immorality is the more successful, but it must not be forgotten that the newspaper which does not feature vice and immorality is successful, too (the *New York Times*, the *Springfield Republican*, and the *Boston Transcript*, for instance) for although of lesser circulation, such a paper is able to charge more for preferable advertising space. Success depends upon whether consistent ability is directed toward good or bad service. Intelligently handled news, whether appealing to man as an animal, or appealing to man as a rational being, can make a newspaper successful. One class of success results because a newspaper feeds man's body, the other because it feeds man's mind. One spreads before men a feast of spiritual poison, the other selects food that will develop a man as man. Ordinarily, immorality and vice are the private concern of an individual. Whenever they become general or produce crime, however, they become legitimate news, for people have a right to know of what concerns and endangers themselves or their community, but they have no right to know unnecessary details. A newspaper's

emphasis on immorality is not legitimate when the condition is not correspondingly present in life. The newspaper should endeavor to print all the news fit to print, and endeavor to print it so that it mirrors actuality proportionately, and so promote public betterment. Detailed spreads on vice do not promote public betterment. **FLANNERY.**

It may seem rather paradoxical, but the machinery of European politics is clogged with oil. The Lausanne Conference members could not bring about **LUBRICATION.** any mutual agreements because of the partitioning and the aggression that had taken place in the oil regions under cover of mandates, and so they disbanded and went home, taking along the same "grant nothing-take all" attitude which they brought with them. Primarily the Allies are to blame for the failure of the conference. Shortly after the armistice was signed the land "splitting up" began. France and England, confident of their military power, set aside the most desirable portions for themselves, especially those pieces that are embedded with oil, and are in Turkish territory, or are accessible only by passing through Turkish possessions. They were prepared to reap abundantly when the harvest was ripe. But they miscalculated. The Turkish Nationalists, under the able leadership of Kemal, rose up to protect their own interests. Then the Allies, under the pretense of merely aiding the subject Christian races of Turkey, began their militaristic adventures in the Near East.

France, however, visualizing the hidden strength of the Turks and the support they could amass from the Mohammedan followers, and fearing the diplomacy of England, furnished the Turks with military equipment to fight the Greeks who were backed by the English. As a result the Turks were victorious and were reinstated in Europe. Technically, France defeated England, and will receive some compensation from Turkey. England immediately withdrew her support from France, in forcing Germany into submission. To-day England is free to continue her struggle for the oil. She can center all of

her efforts against the Turks without fear of France intervening because France is busily engaged in the Ruhr district. What will be the next move over there we do not know. It is certain that reigning dynasties were overthrown in four great empires during the war,—Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia and Turkey. Some day all of these nations will come back. Under present conditions they could not very easily accomplish it, but what would prevent a united military campaign of Turks and Russians, aided and abetted by the science of Germany? The fight for oil land concessions then may develop into more than political maneuvering; it may be the growth of a major war in Europe that would be more disastrous and more destructful than the recent one.

CUNNINGHAM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"TOLERANCE."

Editor, THE SCHOLASTIC:

An editorial, "Meeting the Klan," printed in last week's issue of the SCHOLASTIC, was both untimely and unfortunate. It was untimely because its writer was little qualified for the task he undertook as he was not at all informed about the facts in a case upon which he presumed to pass judgment. He charges *Tolerance* with "lack of care" in publishing "statements regarding purported members of the Klan." He exercises less care in prematurely condemning *Tolerance* before it has been proved that a single purported member has been wrongly charged. Denial of affiliation with the Klan is no proof of non-membership. The institution of a law-suit for libel does not vindicate any man whose name has appeared in the list of *Tolerance*. If the writer of "Meeting the Klan" had access to the Klan ritual he would know why. When the story of the present injunction proceedings is told he will know who it was that was "looking for dollars." If he has taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the present injunction proceedings thus far, he would not have pronounced obsequies upon a paper which was printed and sold in Chicago, Sunday, Feb. 18th, by a court order, issued Feb. 15th, by Judge Ryner, at a date when the ink on his own editorial was hardly dry. On whose side, one wonders, was the "lack of care" before publication? He "fails to see" among others things, "where the league could have been surprised." There was a traitor among the twelve. "*Tolerance* during its brief life," he tells us, "was interesting." Its resurrection while he slept, we think, was more so.

Finally the editorial was unfortunate; unfortunate that it appeared in THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,

and especially in its editorial column. Want of "urbanity and sincerity," "lack of care," and "commercialism" make fine ammunition for the Klansmen on their battle-ground in Northern Indiana; more so, when they can replenish their charges against *Tolerance* from THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

In fair play to *Tolerance* which is fighting the same battle you and I are, let us wait for a decision of the court and not form and print our opinions from information gathered from a Kluxed press.

FROM A CATHOLIC CLERGYMAN WHO KNOWS THE FACTS.

WASHINGTON WAYS.

The appearance of the Senior classmen in caps and gowns marked the annual Washington Day exercises held Thursday morning in Washington Hall. The appearance of seniors in caps and gowns had been an unbroken precedent until last year, a precedent which this year's class revived.

Frank Cavanaugh and Raymond Gallagher, two of the ablest class orators, delivered the orations, Cavanaugh rendering selections from the "Farewell Address" and Gallagher giving "A Century of Isolation." Maurice Dacy, president of the Senior class, in his speech accompanying the presentation of the flag, told of the twenty-five years' precedent of the flag presentation, denounced the Klan and emphasized the patriotic significance of the exercises and presentation. Father Irving, acting president of the University, accepted the flag and commented briefly upon the significance of the occasion.

PROGRAM.

Song, "Star Spangled Banner".....	Audience
Overture	University Orchestra
Selections from "Farewell Address".....	
.....	Frank Cavanaugh, A. B., '23
Oration, "A Century of Isolation".....	
.....	Raymond M. Gallagher, Litt. B., '23
Selection	University Orchestra
Ode.....	V. David Engels, Ph. B. Journ., '23
Tenor Solo.....	Wm. J. Furey, Ph. B. Comm., '23
Presentation of Flag.....	
.....	Maurice J. Dacy, Ph. B. Journ.,
	President of Senior Class.
Acceptance of the Flag.....	
.....	Rev. Thomas Irving, C. S. C.,
	Vice-President of the University.
Song, "Notre Dame".....	Audience

BRUGGNER.

MONSIGNOR NOLL'S SERMON.

J. F. E.

Monsignor Noll, editor of *Our Sunday Visitor*, preached in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, Sunday, February eighteenth, on "The Catholic Journalist." The sermon was both practical and inspiring, and we tender here the thanks of the university as a whole. While space prevents the reprint of Monsignor Noll's address in its entirety, we take great pleasure in setting forth the following passages:

"Because there is scarcely any illiteracy to-day in our country, because present-day papers contain something for everybody, everybody reads them. They are the one piece of literature in universal demand. Hence it is safe to declare that the journalist is more indispensable, in the estimate of the masses to-day, than any other person. Few books find as many readers in a generation as the message of some journalists has day after day. One Chicago daily reaches more families than dwell in the great state of Indiana. The importance of the journalistic profession, therefore, is as incalculable as its responsibility is staggering.

"Not the instructors in our common schools, not the professors in our colleges and universities, but the editors of our daily newspapers, of our influential periodicals, are the great educators of the people. Truth and fact are taught in the classroom, but much error and fiction are broadcasted by the editor. The seeds of morality and virtue are sown by the school teacher, but crime and vice are featured and flaunted before the millions by the reporter. Nearly one-half of all the money raised by local and state taxation is devoted to the work of forming the minds and training the wills of the rising generation, under the leadership of hundreds of thousands of self-sacrificing men and women idealists. Our youth is under their care five days a week, nine months of the year, during a period covering 12 or 16 years, only to be turned over to a few hundred clever men, realists, for the youth's cultural unmaking. With a few drops of ink they make millions opine and act, against their own best temporal and eternal interests, against the interests of God, against the best interests of society. Unlike Christ, our example in to-day's gospel, they yield to the offer of the tempter, 'All these things will I give thee, if falling down thou wilt adore me.'

"This is an awful indictment. Do facts warrant it?

"I concede that, in itself, the printing press is an indifferent tool; it is as ready to serve the cause of truth as of error, of the Church as of the world. But those, whose lives are devoted to the spread

of truth and morality, are not in possession of it. Invented by a Catholic, and first employed in the interests of God and His Church, the printing press is now being employed against the Church. It has become a foe, against which all the human efforts of churchmen are powerless.

"The secular papers reach everybody; the religious papers reach too small a proportion of the people to be a counteracting influence; they do not reach the ones for whom they are more especially intended, and who need them most. Everybody is interested in the events of the day—politics, crime, accidents, sports, social functions; therefore, everybody is interested in the daily newspaper. The religious appeal is eternal; its message is not fresh and changeable, and the catechism is supposed to have imparted the last word about it. Then it is ever reproving, warning. Never will religious periodicals grip the people like the secular papers.

"However, the greatest harm is not done by the professed anti-Christian journalist, but by the worldly-minded editor who, for the sake of greater gain, serves the kind of daily literature diet that will interest the greater number of people.

"In the United States, for instance, the strictly anti-Christian press is not prominent. Even the anti-Catholic press might be passed over, though it reaches millions of non-Catholics, whom Catholic journalism does not reach. Less than 10,000,000 among the 110,000,000 people of our land, are reached by Catholic papers and periodicals, and this 10 per cent represents our own people. One non-Catholic layman reaches twice as many American people every day through his string of papers, as the whole Catholic Church reaches through her religious papers once a week. Fully 100,000,000 never read a favorable word about the Catholic Church, unless it be an occasional comment on some Catholic happening, or a brief report of a sermon or lecture delivered by a Catholic churchman. This occasional favorable notice is offset a hundred times by the unfair treatment which the Church receives in the news or editorial columns of our dailies, or in contributed articles; it is offset by the false philosophy, by the seeming sanction of immoral practices, by rationalistic teaching. The editors of the secular journals are the servants of those who employ them, and when the owner has no special interests to further, he must still make his paper pay, and does it by catering to the pagan appetites of the people.

"Editors have learned from experience that Catholics will endure much abuse; that feeble protests from an insignificant number of their readers are the only echoes heard after the publication of some shameful slander, directed against the Church or some Catholic organization. They have learned, on the other hand, that friendliness towards Rome or the giving to Rome her just due will never build

up a huge circulation; and of course, advertising and profits depend on circulation.

"The owners of the *Literary Digest*, for instance, which reaches people of prominence and education all over the United States, have learned that they may offend Catholics with impunity, while they strive to win the warmer friendship of preachers and of the Protestant body generally. Only last month, on the plea of doing justice to the Ku Klux Klan, after it had copied severe denunciations of the Klan in previous issues, it quoted malicious attacks on the Catholic Church from two Ku Klux Klan organs. It is likely that thousands of protests had come to the editor from members of that organization, who would feel recompensed if the *Digest* subsequently attacked Rome a-la Klan.

"Is it to be implied, from what I have said, that the Catholic student should abstain from the pursuit of a journalistic career? Most emphatically, 'No.' On the contrary, it is precisely because journalism, as at present conducted, serves the cause of error and irreligion rather than truth, that the profession should be embraced by many more Catholic students, in the hope that they might influence it for the better. Catholic aloofness in this, as in other particulars, would only make a bad situation worse. Nearly every organization of men, which numbers few Catholics, is led in an anti-Catholic way, while the presence of Catholics in large numbers save an organization from becoming the tool of bigotry. The daily press, the secular magazine, the modern novel, are seldom on the right side of moral questions. Their editors lack a proper conception of the Church; they are poorly versed in history; they assume that the spirit of the world is always right; yet they pretend to speak with infallible authority as scientists, historians, theologians. A Harvard professor, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* last year, truly stated that 'the public is at the mercy of the lords of the press.' This is certainly pitiful, but it is a fact with which we have to reckon, and a condition which it seems humanly impossible to overcome. Only the Catholic Church can steer society safely, and only the sound philosophy taught in Catholic schools of journalism can counteract the false views on moral and social questions so widely circulated by editors who are now in control of the press."

AMONG US IMMORTALS.

"What great ones do the less will prattle of."

One night last week when the mercury was about a foot below zero, and a terrific wind was sweeping across the campus, we

thought we heard soft, sibilant sounds of music beneath our window. We could imagine only two causes for al fresco music on such a night. Could it be that a band of Esquimaux had come down from the North to fill our ears with dulcet sounds? Or had Brian Boru emerged from the dim and distant past to entertain us with his harp? We could not suppress our curiosity, and so we went outside to learn who the frigorific serenader might be. We saw the solitary figure of a genus homo going around a corner of Sorin Hall. On drawing near we learned that it was one Mr. Toth. And the wind was whisking through his hispid (?) whiskers. So it was neither the Esquimaux nor Brian Boru.

There is a card in a South Bend street car, advertising Father John's Medicine. Surely it is no more effective than Father X's.

Concerning the diversion of Tuesday evening, we have only one criticism to make of the orchestra—it was not there.

We witnessed a student mooching a cigarette and a match the other day. And he was overheard to say, "my folks went to Palm Beach and forget to send me some money before they left." Which made us suspect that his mendacity was as great as his mendacity.

A man out in California has offered a reward for the capture of his pet pole-cat. It is to be wondered why Californians even possess such animals. The moving picture industry has on its pay rolls any number of individuals who can raise a nation-wide stink in five minutes.

It devolved on us to rest our bones in the Oliver lobby the other day. While there we noticed that a bell-hop swept the floor in the northwest corner of the lobby five times in fifteen minutes. And then he disappeared. Suppose he thought it was useless.

After all our ways are generally right in our own eyes.

BOOK LEAVES.

C. O. M.

The winter would be sterile that did not produce a book which we could read and pass on, which we could stick in our suit case when we rush for the train at Easter and of which at home we could speak knowingly with other collegiates around the corner drug store. A good book is an excellent topic for conversation. To read a book merely to be able to talk intelligently is not the most commendable reason for reading it. However, the practice is common. Sooner or later you will want to read "Town and Gown" (Doran).

"Town and Gown" by Lynn and Lois Seyester Montross is an effort to depict realistically the life of a mid-western university. One might say that it does for the mid-western school what "This Side of Paradise" and "The Beginning of Wisdom" failed to do for Princeton and Yale, to penetrate the panorama of college life and to find in that panorama the spirit that animates it. "This Side of Paradise" and "The Beginning of Wisdom" were stories of individuals, but the men who were their heroes were not types. Because they were not types, the scenes in which they moved were not essentially truthful to college life. Amory Blaine lived, not at Princeton, but at a Princeton of Amory Blaine's creation. He was a hero only to Amory Blaine.

Mr. and Mrs. Montross have written a book that entirely unlike any of the more recent volumes of college fiction. They have created a background typical of a state university. Across this background their characters move, conscious of themselves in their roles of students and professors, conscious of the shadows that the venerable halls cast upon the paths they are walking, certain of the things that are expected of them, but pausing sometimes to wonder why they are doing those things. Thirteen sketches compose the book. Each sketch is complete in itself, but all are unified by the common setting. There are certain characters like Jimmy Tradinick, to whom everything is "stinkum and bunkum," all work "moil and toil"; Andy Protheroe, "the fusser," a voluble talker, a he-vamp; Pewter Hughes, the greatest half-back the university has ever cheered; Dot Ambrose, the popular; Dean Fannicott of the English department, who move about the pages, but they are almost a part of the background itself. The effect of the sketches is a unity that could not be achieved by a single narrative. It is a unity that depends upon the mood and the setting.

Of all the sketches, we liked "Peter Warshaw" and the restrained, groping ambition of its hero; "The Fusser" with its nerveless freshman co-ed excited over a fast date; "Dry as Dust" and Russian literature; "Unity, Coherence and Emphasis"; and, finally, the last sketch in the book, "When Greek Meets Barb" with its own note of finality. The extracts from the university catalogue which precede

each sketch, adding a note of irony, are not easily passed up.

Such a passage as this might have been written about a dance at the Oliver: "The dancing (aside from the deafening, syncopated accompaniment) was a solemn and silent business. It was unbelievably important to the undergraduates. They did not talk while they pat-patted through intricate slidings and dodgings. They did not seem to breathe. Their toes and heels did ridiculous and highly improbable things in time to rhythms that could not possibly exist. Their concentration was, withal, admirable. With a high disregard for appearing absurd a young lady let herself be clutched by the nape of the neck or the shoulder or the backbone—sometimes the grasp was so circumlocutory as to include both of her arms. She usually rested her chin emphatically against the man's lapel or, if he were short, she clamped it on the edge of his shoulder. She maintained a solemn expression with a trace of dazed hypnotism in it. The man exhibited a frozen smile and rolled his eyes frequently toward the flickering Japanese lanterns. . . . A few couples sizzled up and down as if they were popcorn; others dashed to the side with confusing little rushes, stopping as if stunned, and vacillated for long, painstaking moments; still others loped in measured, sneaking strides about the room as if they were stalking some elusive prey."

No one is likely to find "Town and Gown" dull. The sketches have the merit of technical excellence plus skilful writing. The form, even the manner, shows beyond doubt the influence of Sherwood Anderson. The method of collaboration, which the authors call one "in character and incident rather than in type," is interesting. It is not incorrect to say that Mr. Montross, who has written eight of the thirteen sketches, shows more firmness and a more deliberate style. The background which the sketches depict may be considered a composite one and not the picture of a single mid-western university, since Mr. Montross spent his undergraduate years at Nebraska, while Mrs. Montross attended Illinois.

The New York *Herald* calculates that publishers would save \$27,484.37 annually by eliminating the ever-present "The End" on the last pages of books, with the comment that outside of the ornaments on automobile caps and the issue paper wrappers on oranges nothing is more unnecessary. For one thing, we nominate the blurb on book wrappers as more unnecessary.

"If I might offer a humble word of counsel to Mr. Lewis and his fellow pioneers," writes Shan Bullock, all the way across the Atlantic, "it would be: Read and assimilate poetry and keep in mind that stars shine and winds blow over this common earth of hours. Nothing is of eternal value, nothing endures that is based on mere observation of men and things."

CAMPUS COMMENT.

Our (N. D.) Glee Club helped make the State Rotary convention in Michigan City a success Thursday, the 22nd. The club formally opened the Tivoli Theatre, the pride of Michigan City. (Incidentally, the next attraction following the Glee Club at the Tivoli is the Greenwich Village Follies.)

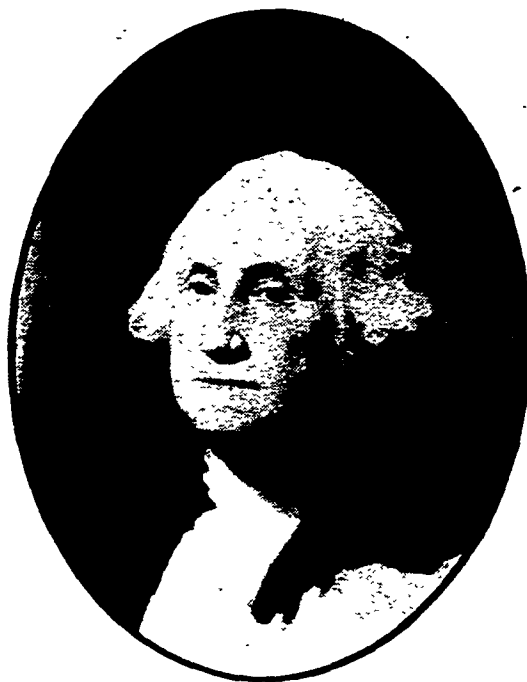
By request, the Glee Club again appeared at the closing banquet of the convention at the state prison Thursday evening. Regular entertainment at the banquet program included the Purdue band, the Benson orchestra of Chicago as well as specialties of the Notre Dame Glee Club, and William Furey, soloist.

Ray Gallagher, who recently demonstrated his dramatic abilities in Washington Hall, left Friday morning for Indianapolis, where he will represent Notre Dame in the State Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest.

We don't know whether they caught it from the Sophomores, or if they've just discovered how keen they look in a "tux," but, anyhow, the Toledo Club has decided to throw a formal dance, which will be held in the Woman's Building on Easter Tuesday. As the Glee Club will be singing in the city that night, the club has extended a hearty invitation to them.

General Sir William Butler was a very famous gentleman, but he seems to have been forgotten around here until Monday night when Father Healy gave an interesting talk on the life and work of this man. "Cowboy Poetry," a paper by Lawrence O'Leary, introduced a new field of discussion and gave a new slant on the rollicking rimes of the West; while C. McGonigle read some interesting lore he had garnered from dusty volumes on "Salutations." The club had as a guest of the evening Father Foik, who spoke some words of praise and encouragement to the members.

Entertainment, and a physical and mental feast greeted the members of the local branch of the A. I. E. E. last Tuesday even-



ing in the Engineering Building. Paul Sagstetter read a paper on "Storage Batteries," and Frank Egan discussed "A. C. vs. D. C. for Traction Purposes." Everyone was enthusiastic over the success of the radio concert and no less rejoiced over the "eats."

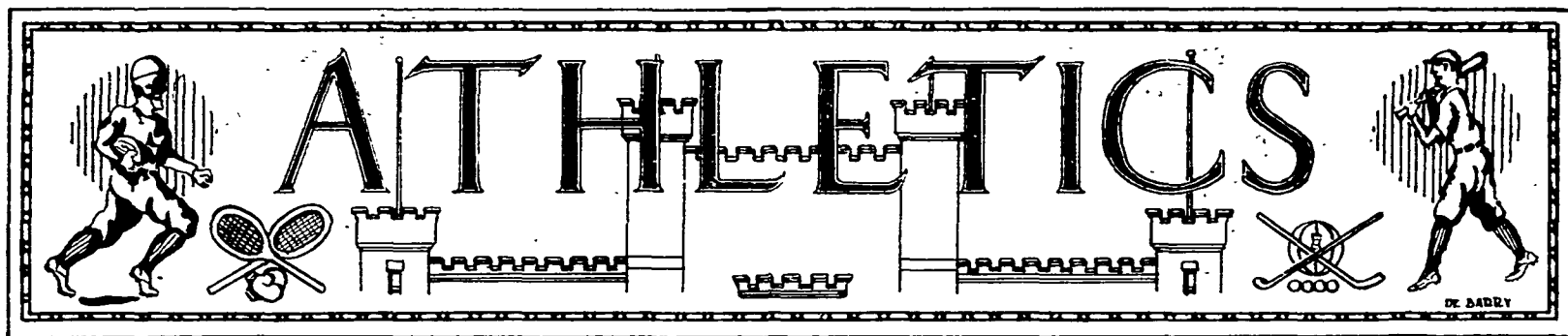
Brewing their Easter dance magic, the Indianapolis Club sat and talked of all things concerning it at their meeting last Tuesday night. Nothing definite was decided upon, however, but all the committees were asked to turn in their reports as soon as possible.

The Kentucky Club made a false start last Monday night, when its meeting was scheduled. The Colonels were rather slow in getting to the Library, and as a consequence, the meeting was over before it started.

Students wishing to submit manuscripts in contest for the One Hundred Dollar Prize offered by the Southern Methodist University, of Dallas, Texas, should bring them to the office of the head of the English department before March 10. The contest is nationwide. The poems submitted must not exceed one hundred and fifty lines; free verse or regular metre may be employed; undergraduates only are eligible; and the following technical rules are stipulated:

"Each contestant must send three typewritten copies of the poem (or group of poems) which he submits. All poems not submitted in triplicate will be ruled out. The author's name should not appear on the manuscript."

SULLIVAN.



KIZER EMPEROR OVER KAZOOS.

TOM HODGSON.

Splashing through the mud of the Notre Dame basketball court Wednesday afternoon, the fourteenth, Noble Kizer showed the Notre Dame boys that he is their Joe Blow, at the same time proving to the Celery-Eaters that we can and do play basketball. The whole team cannot be praised too highly for their brilliant work, but, as is usually the case, certain honors must be handed on a silver tray to one man in particular. That gentleman is the noble Noble.

Kizer's free-throwing was spectacular in the extreme. He made nine of the ten free throws of the first half, and buried eleven consecutive free tosses during the second period. Assisted by splendid floor work, Kizer steadily raised the Notre Dame score to the point where Kalamazoo became worried. Then the visitors started on a rampage that brought sighs and groans from the Irish rooters. With two minutes to go the visitors held a lead of four points. That was almost too much for the bleachers to bear. Enright's beautiful free throw after Hinga's foul raised the cheering throng to their toes. That started the awful defeat for the Kazooers. Kizer took the signal from the boys in the stands and started to play like few ever played before. One shot of his brought the lingering score to 33-32 with Kalamazoo leading. Only fifty seconds remained to separate Notre Dame from victory or defeat.

Enright and Reardon put the leather bubble into the loop twice, each time only to have it whirl out. More groans from the Irish witnesses. Then Kazoo hurried the pill down the floor, but failed when brilliant throws were made at the basket. The most precious seconds of the game remained—only twenty of them. Notre Dame swept the ball toward the basket with the speed of

Mercury. "Big Gene" Mayl was tempted to shoot when he had the ball but, using his head as he did throughout the whole game, he snapped it to Kizer. From an almost impossible distance the ball left the hands of the Emperor Kizer and swished through the lacework just as the gun brought the end of the wonderful game.

Kizer rode around the gym on the shoulders of the happy Irishmen. He was a happy boy, and they were happy boys. The victory was taken from a dandy team, a sporty team in every respect.

The lineup and summary follows:

NOTRE DAME (34)	B	F	P	T
Kane (c), lf.	2	0	2	1
Enright, rf.	2	0	1	0
Reardon, c.	2	0	2	0
Kizer, lf.	3	12	3	1
Mayl, rg.	2	0	3	1

Totals	11	12	11	3
--------------	----	----	----	---

KALAMAZOO (33)	B	F	P	T
Hinga, lf.	4	0	2	0
Merkley, rf.	2	0	1	0
Mundweiler, rf.	2	0	2	0
Grant, c.	2	9	3	0
Vroeg, lf.	2	0	0	0
Petscaulant, rg.	0	0	3	0
Doyle, rg.	0	0	1	0

Totals	12	9	12	0
--------------	----	---	----	---

Free throws missed—Kizer, 3; Grant, 2. Referee—Cooper, Springfield. Umpire—Burnham, Springfield.

TRACK STOCK BRIGHTENS MARKET.

Surprises galore welcomed the Notre Dame track fans last Saturday evening, the seventeenth, when they barely hoped for victory from the Illini. The short end of the score does not tell the real truth of the valiant battle the Irish waged against Illinois in one of the finest meets we have seen in years.

Notre Dame and Illinois see-sawed the score throughout the meet until the last event, the relay, when the board registered a tie count of 45-45. Murmurings, palpitations and flutterings of the hearts of the on-lookers were common. The real pleasing event of the evening was the shot-put won by Notre Dame in the persons of the two Minnesota boys, Moes and Lieb. Paul Kennedy proved to the down-staters that he could bring the first defeat in four years to Gill's dual meet racers. Kennedy and Wells of Illinois showed the bleachers a brilliant bit of running, Paul falling behind and then regaining the lead which he held till the end of the race. This lifted the rooters from their seats, and when Cox of the Irish brigade came into second place the cheering was deafening. Wells finished a weak third, giving the Notre Dame pair the first two places under the tape.

The half-mile event was another installment of the story of success. Cox and Tom Barber performed well. Barber lost some distance at which time Hall of the Illini passed. With only fifty yards to go and only ten yards behind Hall, Cox cut loose and crossed the line as winner. Notre Dame's memory will surely record this as one of the greatest finishes seen here.

Luke Walsh was forced to take second place under the little Italian, Marzulo, who was first in the two-mile event. Wentland and Connel outclassed the other racers for Illinois. Barr could not bar the invincible sprinter, Ayers, from first place in the 40-yard dash. Adam Walsh took third place in the hurdles. His splendid work forced the two winners near to the record time.

The field events favored Notre Dame. Moes took the shot-put with 39 feet, six inches, to his credit. Brady spread himself over twenty feet, three and one-fourth inches of sand in the broad jump. Collins cleared the bar in the pole vault at 12 feet. Eddie Hogan tied for second place with Brownell of Illinois.

The summary of events follows:

Forty-yard dash—1, Ayers, Illinois; 2, Barr, N. D.; 3, Evans, Illinois. Time, :04 3-5.

Forty-yard high hurdles—1, Johnson, Illinois; 2, Rehm, Illinois; 3, A. Walsh, N. D. Time, :05 2-5.

Mile run—1, Kennedy, N. D.; 2, Cox, N. D.; 3, Weels, Illinois. Time, 4:29 4-5.

440-yard run—1, Sweet, Illinois; 2, L. Walsh, N. D.; 3, Fitch, Illinois. Time, :52 2-5.

Two-mile run—1, Marzulo, Illinois; 2, Wentland, N. D.; 3, Connell, Illinois. Time, 9:58 4-5.

Shot-put—1, Moes, N. D.; 2, Lieb, N. D.; 3, Coughlin, Illinois; Childauer, Illinois. Distance, 39 feet, six inches.

High jump—Weekes, N. D.; Smith, Illinois; tied for first; Sweet, Illinois; Wright, Illinois; tied for third. Height, five feet, seven inches.

880-yard jump—1, Cox, N. D.; 2, Hall, Illinois; 3, Barber, N. D. Time, 2:03.

Broad jump—1, Brady, N. D.; 2, Sweeney, Illinois; 3, Livergood, N. D. Distance, 22 feet, three and one-fourth inches.

Pole vault—1, Collins, Illinois; Hogan, N. D.; Brownell, Illinois, tied. Height, 12 feet.

One-mile relay—Won by Illinois, Smuts, Carter, Fitch, Sweet. Time, 3:36 3-10.

LITTLE GIANTS TOO BIG FOR THE IRISH.

Over a thousand eager fans witnessed the rather ragged struggle between Wabash College and Notre Dame last Monday evening. The walls and ceiling of the South Bend "Y" vibrated with cheering from the first to the last of the game. The final score was 26-21 with Wabash leading.

One principle cause may be found for the Irish defeat, their failure at basket shooting. Only seven tries were successful out of eighty-three attempts at the basket. The floor work was far superior to that of the lads from the Wabash. But it was a splendid game and the excitement did not wane at any time.

Rex Enright must be praised for his work in this game. He truly came into his own when he showed the fans that Notre Dame has a forward worth betting on. Kizer was a marked and branded man throughout. His efforts at running guard permit him still to be called Halas' Ace.

The end of the first half came with the Irish leading to the melody of 10 to 7. Wabash started the scoring and the boys from

St. Joseph's county were not long in following the fashions. Kizer's free throwing and Enright's beautiful field goals did the work. Mike Kane's cohorts were there every minute, fighting like bull terriers.

The second half started with a basket by Enright. This foretold the battle that was to follow until the gun closed the game. The two baskets by Thompson and Goldsberry tied things in short order. Then the game's lead in points passed back and forth from Notre Dame to Wabash until near the end when the Little Giants forged ahead into a lead that was not lost. The Irish sprint during the last few seconds was phenomenal, indeed, but came too late to be effective.

Had Notre Dame's shooting been better, there would not have been any doubt about the outcome of the game. A team that fights like the Irish do will always have followers to urge them on. Real sportsmen like Notre Dame's brand of basketball, and with better perfected basket work, Notre Dame should march to blazing victory often.

The summary follows:

The lineups and score:

WABASH (26)	FB	FT	PF	TF
Adams, f. _____	3	0	2	0
Thompson, f. _____	2	0	2	0
LaForge, f. _____	1	0	0	0
Chadwick, c. _____	1	0	0	0
Peare, c. _____	0	0	1	1
Goldsberry, g. _____	1	10	1	0
Grater, g. _____	0	0	0	0
Totals _____	8	10	6	1
N. D. (21)	FB	FT	PF	TF
Kane, f. _____	0	0	1	1
Logan, f. _____	0	0	2	0
Enright, f. _____	4	0	1	0
Reardon, c. _____	1	0	0	0
Mayl, g. _____	0	0	2	0
Kizer, g. _____	2	7	1	0
Totals _____	7	7	7	1

Free throws missed—Kizer, 2; Goldsberry, 2.
Referee—Ray, Illinois. Umpire—Cooper, Springfield.

IN ILLINOIS.

Tryouts being held today will determine the Notre Dame entries in the Illinois Relays next week. If sufficient class appears among the candidates, Coach Rockne will enter teams in the mile, two-mile, four-mile and medley relays and individuals in the low hurdles, high hurdles, broad jump and shot-put.

The condition of Capt. Gus Desch will materially affect the complexion of the squad which will go to Urbana. Desch has been out of competition this year by the recurrence of a football injury. He has been training with the Illinois Relays as an objective but will not know his exact power until tests are made to-day. If the captain returns in good shape Notre Dame will have a first class dash man, and a likely winner of the low hurdles and a possible anchor man in the mile relay team.

Lieb may be entered in the shot-put, but this entry is doubtful because his broken received in football has not yet returned to a strength capable of withstanding the continued shocks which the shot-put hop demands. Final decision in the case of Lieb will also be made to-day and if his leg continues to handicap him he will probably postpone his major efforts until the outdoor season. In the meantime he will continue to see service as goal tender on the hockey squad.

If Desch is not available for the 75-yard dash, the selection will probably go to Barr, a sophomore who ran a good race with Ayers of Illinois in a recent dual meet. Both Livergood and Brady may be entered in the broad jump. Kennedy and Cox are possible entrants in the 1,500-yard race. The relay selections will probably include Montague, Barr, Walsh and Hamling in the mile; Barber, Disney, Jackson and Doran in the two-mile, and Kennedy, Cox, O'Hare, Wentland and Connel in the four-mile.

WALLACE.

THOUGHTS.

It is in the very course of nature that we have a few thorns among our flowers.

Be a voluntary student and not an intellectual slacker.

CHANGE

BY CUNNINGHAM

WHAT SAY TO THIS, DANTE?

We know that Dante went through all the circles and gulfs of Hell in search of Beatrice in his "Divine Comedy," and he left with us the immortal lines of his infernal vision; but he failed to leave any explanation on the theory of Hell. Dr. Bailey of the geology department at the University of Southern California, however, received a tip from a colored preacher which might be of some value. The negro believes that the Rockefeller interests are stealing the oil and grease which the Creator designated to lubricate the axles of the earth, and when all of it has been extracted, the axles are going to get fiery hot. And this according to the preacher "will be Hell." It surely will!

The varsity basketball men at the University of Kansas will have an opportunity to earn more than a monogram this year. A contest will be held to determine the best basket shooter on the squad, and that winner will receive a gold medal. But let us explain the contest. Each man will be given one thousand tries for the basket and the one with the highest number of baskets to his credit, wins. Unquestionably the contestants will earn the reward, but what sort of a medal will go to the accountant with the adding machine who will have to check all of the shots?

IS THIS THE MILLENNIUM?

In this column last week we stated that professors are becoming more human, and we cited the example of the bluffing type of student finding favor with a certain professor. Today we mention another thing which verifies the statement of a week ago. Professor F. M. Russell of California University believes in short rather than long assignments. He contends that instructors give long assignments because of their interest in the subject, forgetting that students have other courses to study, and that poor preparation of lessons is due more often to lack of time than to laziness. Three cheers for Professor Russell!

IT SOUNDS LIKE ESKIMO PIE.

We students who live in a comparatively modern, civilized section of the world, where in winter the snow rarely averages over a foot in depth and the thermometer seldom indicates more than ten degrees below zero, often wonder what our friends, the Eskimo students in the frozen whitelands of Alaska do outside of class hours to pass the dismal days. Many of us are probably of the impression that the outdoor exercises, such as skiing, shoeing, skating and hunting are the only sports in which they indulge. From an exchange, however, we learn that the farther north college in the world, the Alaska

WALK-OVER

Black Calf

\$8.00



Walk-Over
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

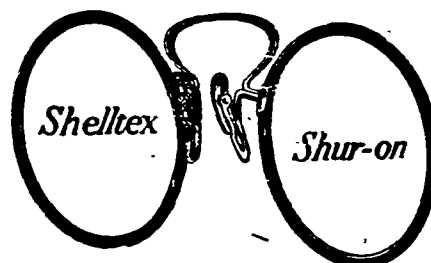
CLOUSE'S
Walk-Over
BOOT SHOP
115 So. MICHIGAN ST.

Don't Spend It All!

Some day you'll want to tell the world: "I'm in business for myself." Then you'll be glad you held onto some of your remittance money. This friendly bank will help.

SERVICE - STABILITY
CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
TRUST & SAVINGS
JEFFERSON BLVD. NEXT TO POST OFFICE
"The Bank Ahead"

...BETTER GLASSES FOR LESS MONEY...



These Shur-On
Shelltex Glasses
specially priced

\$5.00
and up.

DR. J. BURKE

230 South Michigan Street.

Over Twenty Years in
the Same Location.

**BURKE'S GLASSES
FIT THE EYES**

NOW ON SALE



"He may
be your
man but
he comes
to see me
sometimes"

Played by the

COTTON PICKERS

those down south masters of dance music. Like all Brunswick Records, it's clear as crystal and a remarkable recording. Hear it today. Brunswick Record No. 2380.

Brunswick
A SPINODGRAPHIC RECORDS



The craftsmanship of W. L. DOUGLAS shoes will accomplish the retirement of your shoe worries.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE STORE
210 SOUTH MICHIGAN STREET

Agricultural College at Fairbanks, has a basketball team composed of three brothers and a pair of twins who have defeated every other team in the interior of Alaska.

"D's" STAND FOR NO DATES.

The desire to laden the cells of the brain with as much knowledge as possible is not always the only inducement for a co-ed to study diligently and obtain excellent class grades. Out in Iowa University the number of dates that co-eds may accept each week during this second semester is regulated by the general averages they maintained throughout the first semester. We do not like to be critical and spoil things for the co-eds but is this plan, that sounds so feasible, a practical one? It might encourage incessant labor for the duration of the first half so that dates and idleness may be enjoyed the last half. Of course, this is only hypothetical!

Students and townspeople in the neighborhood of Depauw University have been molested and disturbed several times recently by a band of night prowlers who are garbed in long black robes. The prowlers call themselves the "Black Owls." We do not think these "birds" are as coo-coo as those in the Coo Coo Clan because they at least chose robes, the color of which could not be mistaken for yellow, when seen in the dark.

The highest office building in South Bend does not exceed ten stories; yet in New York City a newly-organized inter-fraternity house association will erect a nineteen-story hotel for college fraternity men only. When the building is complete it will contain 625 furnished rooms, and a private club room for every "frat" housed. South Bend was mentioned in the first sentence only as a means of comparison, not for disparagement. We prefer retaining the old Notre Dame spirit, the running up and down steps in the Main Building to the dormitories, and the holding of meetings in the north room of the library to any of the modern conveniences in the form of elevators and special furnished rooms at a sacrifice of the fellowship which naturally vanquishes where such fraternities exist.

SHOWING OFF AT THE SHOWDOWN.

The nineteen twenty-three fashion review was held by the co-eds on the campus of Chicago University recently, and silver loving cups were presented to the models who displayed best the "latest thing" for the various occasions. The four types of costumes judged were: formal, informal, street and campus, and sport and campus wear. There was a distinction made between ready-made and self-made clothes, and prizes were awarded in both classes. Notre Dame has not held any official fashion exhibit so far this year, but from observation we can predict that khaki shirts, corduroy trousers, sheepskin and dark blue corduroy coats, and hob-nail shoes will predominate in all four types.